

By C. M. Payne

"S'MATTER POP!" AND I WANT YOU TO GET THE IMPRESSION I GIT THE IMPRESSION I HOPE THITH TOWTHER YA DID JUTH FOR THAT THAT IF YA HED BEEN 4 THAT KIND IMPRETHUTH YA ATH I TOLD YA AN A BAD DOG YA WOULD YA CAN HAVE WITH THA ADVANTAGE OF SENTIMENT DIDN'T TOUCH THE HAVE GOT IT ALL S HALF OF IT DOESN'T 60 . OF BEIN' A GOOD THAUTHIGE WHILE IN THIS STRIP) I WUTH AWAY, DIDN'T D06













By Thornton Fisher

THE MARRYING OF MARY-Well, Mr. Coyne Was Proposing to Mary, Wasn't He?





NOW MISS MARY. SUPPOSE WE REHEARSE THIS "PROPOSAL" SCENE ONCE MORE I THINK OUR DRAMATIC CLUB WILL MAKE A BIG HIT WITH THIS PLAY The state of the s



LOOEY and AXEL—Yes, the Finish of This Would Make a Very Thrilling Film!

HIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE MAKE A HIT IN THE YUST LEAVE IT SHARK FIGHT" FILM AXEL. NOW KICK IN AND MAKE IT LOOK REAL!! STIR UP THE WATER , THEN BRING HIM UP IN FRONT OF THE







The Mart er nose in everything!"

hurry to get to New York to see my

Uncle Ludwig what had a truck farm

war, hey?" asked Gus. "You'll see what our Kaiser will do!" Mr. Jarr put on stions face. "War is a tough propo-

"Ha, not with our Kaiser!" de-Come on, boys!" waving his chiager, by goilles, I'll bet I'd go!" Why, how fine!" exclaimed Mr. Jarr, winking at Rafferty the build-"You know, of course, the big rman liners are held at the docks

"At Hoboken?" interrupted Gus, turning pale. "It ain't so!"
"Look here in the newspaper," said Early quietly. "Here is the account of it, and here are the pictures of the

in Hoboken"-

"What are they waiting at Hoboken for?" asked Gus uneasily. "Why don't they go about their business?"

They'll go about their business son enough," spoke up Mr. Jarr back all the patriotic Germans in this contry who wish to fight for the

hat we got to do mit it," he mur-ured. "Anyhow, my wife, Lena, she n't let me go. Could I go to the ng Mit Games of the

Gus Will Go to War, Will He Not? Yes * * * * He Will Not! wife Lens wouldn't let me! She sticks | Conited States? And sin't I an en- | times," said Rafferty, turning the sub-

"I thought you'd go anywhere the makers what wants to fight go over desires. "I've a couple of thousand Kaiser led you with his schlager?" and fight. But me, I got enough dollars lying idle; now'd be a good queried Rafferty. "You'd better stay trouble fighting mit my wife Lena!" "There, you see," said Rafferty ch?" in this country handling your lager." "There, you see," said Rafferty "That's just it," said Gus. "I was turning to Mr. Jarr. "I told you Gus only a young feller when I left the wouldn't ge." Old Country, and I was in such a

"HELP WANTED!"

to be made to fight with people I matched it perfectly. my time in the army, and now I guess the Kaiser would be sore about don't like, sooner would I stand up it if I went back. against a wall and shoot myself!" "Anyway, ain't I a citisen of the "I think we are going to have good

rolled woter? Let all the trouble ject from Gus's martial record and time to buy dividend-paying stocks,

A hollow groun greeted these words and Mr. Jarr and the builder turned "Oh. I'll go all right!" retorted Gus. to see Mr. Samuel Stryver, their Wall "But I ain't going till I'm good and street magnate friend, clutching at ready. I'm a feller what can be the bar. Mr. Stryver had on a yellow in Conion Hill, that I forgot to serve coaxed to fight by my friends, but green necktle and his complexion

"What do you mean that we are going to have good times?" he asked. "How can a war bring anybody good times? Don't you know the Stock Exchange had to close because everybody was selling and nobody buying? Do you know how many points stocks dropped in a week? Do you know how many people were wiped

out?" And he wiped his pipe. "Well, that's what I was saying." repeated Mr. Rafferty. "War will cut prices down to bed rock, and now is the time for people who have a little

"I tell you, war to just what Gen. Sherman said it was and worse! snarled the Wall street man. "Oh, to think this thing should have happened when I was long on the mar-

"If my wife Lena knew what is up in Hoboken to take me back to A Sunday school the bishop ingoing on mit the German boats tied the Old Country she'd be worried," whispered Gus. "We better not worry her, or she might get mad and at once held up his hand. make me go!" "I don't see what right they have

closing the Stock Exchange when I The bishop coughed in doubt as to "I've got nothing to lose, neither money nor battles, and nothing to investigate!"

ILLUSTRATING WEBSTER

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YOU'RE A FINE ONE!-COMING IN AT TWELVE O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT! -YOU HAVE ABOUT AS MUCH IDEA OF A HUSBAND'S DUTY AS A COLD STORAGE EGG HAS -- I SURE DIDN'T DO MUCH THINKING WHEN I MARRIED YOU!

WELL! - I'D LIKE TO KNOW OF ANOTHER BEING WHO'D COME HOME TO SUCH COCKING AS YOU TURN OUT - WHY I EVER SIGNED UP WITH YOU IS ONE OF THE WORLD !!



HYMENEAL

A MARRIAGE SONG." -- Webster

Mother Instinct.

T the close of his talk before a T WAS in the Burnet Woods Park

vited questions. A tiny boy, with white, eager face, "Please, sir," said he, "why Adam never a baby?"

got some spare cash and want to buy good dividend-paying stocks cheap!" what answer to give, but a little girl, stage. "Where?" asked the watchman muttered Rafferty. "I should worry!" said Mr. Jarr. "Please sir." she answered smartly. In the side of his craft. 'I cut a new promption of the boat. And pointing to a deep in the side of his craft. 'I cut a new promption of the boat. And pointing to a deep in the side of his craft. 'I cut a new promption of the boat. And pointing to a deep in the side of his craft. 'I cut a new promption of the boat. And pointing to a deep in the side of his craft. 'I cut a new promption of the boat. And pointing to a deep in the side of his craft. 'I cut a new promption of the boat. And pointing to a deep in the side of his craft. 'I cut a new promption of the boat. And pointing to a deep in the side of his craft. 'I cut a new promption of the boat. And pointing to a deep in the side of his craft. 'I cut a new promption of the boat. And pointing to a deep in the side of his craft. 'I cut a new promption of the boat. And pointing to a deep in the side of his craft. he eldest of several brothers and isters, came promptly to his aid.
"Please sir," she answered smartly, in the side of his craft. 'I cut a notch there was nobody to nues him."—right where she went over."—Cincip. Bits.

AND A THE REAL PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY AND ADDRESS OF THE PAR

The Marked Spot.

last summer that a man hired a boat. For almost the entire hour that he was allowed he cruised wheels, new shafts, new springs, new around on the little lake and then was suddenly pulled for the shore. "I lost my watch overboard!" he

shouted as he neared the landing

house the

Advt.

Hickville Doings

From Our Hickville Correspondent Hazen Conklin

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PERSONALS AND LOCALS. ERE are some extry sneery sneers encered by Amos Crabb, our local sneerer: There may be some good in everybuddy only it don't

allus come out and show itself. It's a lucky thing for most men that they gin't jedged by the letters War which was printed in the Hickthey writ durin courtahip. When you hear a unmarried womin

despisin "mush" its a sign she ain't thing-war, we mean: never tasted any.

world is a flea.

shood, because all he has to do to Ten hundred million hear's that beat When sounds the bugic call: "RE-TREAT!"

Them city folks, name of Hall, who bought the old Spooner farm claim shout: call him is to sneeze. bought the old Spooner farm claim to have discovered a mineral well

"The enemy is put to rout!"

Ten hundred million soldiers flee—

back of the house. Hank Diggs, our

Ten hundred millions' victory! local well-digger, who dug the well twenty year ago for old man Spooner, says as how he kin understand how have the water tastes different, but if it's "Away with war! Away! Away!" the water tastes different, but if it's

has petrified.

Concord buggy for sale, cheap. All it needs to be in shape to use is nev body, new axles, new seat and a coat of paint. Ben Bellows, blacksmith,-

put it in shape for you for \$39. A new one wouldn't cost you much less. Ben Bellows .- Advt.

road lost three hens last night. She says as how she knows who done it and if she could find out who it was she'd make it hot for him. Sence our heroick constabule, Seth Shutes, has bin visitin' in Pompton, N. J., crime is gettin' awful prosperous in our midst.

Miss Euphemia Hicks, our talented young poetess, has writ a pome on ory Junction Chronicle. It ain't very long, so here it is. It's a turrible

The most sought after thing in this Above, shells busting overhead; porld is a flea.

Below, ten hundred million dead. Brad Tewksbury's hay fever is gettin worse stid of better. He says
he's glad his hired man's name is
Ishood, because all he has to do to
Ten hundred million throats go dry
From raising up the battle cry;
Ten hundred million dead.

Ten hundred million cannons roas.

Ten hundred million throats go dry
From raising up the battle cry;
Ten hundred million dead.

Amos Crabb, our local sneerer, says

mineral it must be the bones of the he didn't realize what a awful thing heifer that fell into it three year ago war is till he read this pome. He says, footen up all them ten millions. it must of bin some battle.

For Infants and Children You kin have that buggy for \$7. Pil In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears